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Left at the Head of the Stairs.

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The New York Courier says:—
Preparations are being made abroad for a grand re-union of scientific men from all parts of the world, to take place in the month of August, and it is understood that in addition to many of the continental savants, very many of the scientific men of Great Britain and this country have enrolled their names. It is intended that the meeting shall be held annually in one of the capitals of the world. By the co-operation of the potentates of the various countries of Europe, Asia and America, the arrangements regarding travelling will be as good as hardly to be made, as is often the case, the poorer follower of science from musing in the brilliant throng of the aristocracy of intellect, it being one of the principal aims of the congress that the rising young men of the day should be brought into contact with the great masters of science—drawing out from their obscurity in the nooks and corners of the world the Linnaeuses, Cuviers, Newtons, Kennys, Owens, Murphys, or Browns. The chairman pro tempore is the celebrated Professor Simpson of Edinburgh.

THE HEART.—Few people hold close communion with their own hearts. It is a terrible thing to question it continuously, severely, and feel the truth of its replies, rung out fraction by fraction, till the questioner sees himself revealed and humbled at the revelation. There is far more profound and far-reaching knowledge than most men are willing to perceive, in the exclamation of the Royal Psalmist: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." And yet men need not be deceived. It is because they dare not learn the truth. They fear to know themselves. I share this fear. On a few occasions, I have torn the mask away, and looked on the nakedness of the heart; but I shut my eyes, and tried to cheat myself into the belief that there was no devil there. It is not a more difficult matter to know more of our neighbor than of ourselves, for we do not fear to study him. We read him as an open book, and although we cannot pry closely in every page, we can peruse the table of contents, and learn more than he would be willing to tell. I thank God for the restraining influences which he throws around man, for his motions, without and within, to keep and cherish the spirit of good in the human heart, that it may not wholly die! But for these, soon would the light of the inner temple go out in darkness, and a midnight of despair and horror wrap the soul.

The discipline of our life is portioned out by no unloving hand. It is just what we need, although we may not always realize it. It is designed to make us strong, and wise, and humble. Bitter indeed are some of the draughts we drink, but most tonic are bitter, and they do us good, if we do not shrink from them. The hidden trials are often the most difficult to bear. How the soul starts back with a fearful shudder from even the memory of them. In Heaven this agony of remembrance will be over. No sorrow, and no sad remembrance of sorrow can enter there.—Smith.

Peace.—Peace is better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest, and always on tip-toe to depart. It tires and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so—it comes more quietly and stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us an anxious foreboding thought. Therefore let us pray for peace. It is the gift of God—promised to all his children; and if we have it in our hearts, we shall not pine, for joy, though its bright wings never touch us while we tarry in the world.

Why is the world like a piano? Because it is full of sharps and flats.

Sitting on the Shore.

BY MISS F. WRIGHT.

The tide has ebb'd away,
No more wild dashes 'gainst the adamant rocks
The blue of gardens gay,
No laugh of little waves at their play;
No loud pool reflecting heaven's clear brow—
But stern and calm all are ebb'd now.

The rocks are grey and lone,
The shifting sands are smooth and dry,
That once a tide might ever have swept by,
Stirring it with rude moans;
Only some weeds fragments idly thrown
To break the sky, 'till that sea breeze
But desolation's self has grown serene.

And the mountains rise,
And the broad expanse widens out,
All austere; wheeling round and round about
Some dead, a white bird dies;
A bird! Nay, never! In these eyes
A spirit, oh! eternally dim sea
Calling—'Come thou where all we glad souls be.'

O life, O distant shore,
Where we sit patient; O great sea beyond
To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more;
But little while, and then we too shall soar
Like white-winged sea birds into the infinite deep;
Till then, oh, Father—will our spirits keep.

The Angel's Whisper.

[A supposition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child sleeps in its sleep, it is talking with the angels.]
A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild, raging sea;
The lamp was glowing,
The room was swelling
Round the father's dwelling,
And she cried 'Thou must be coming back to me.'

Her head was all a shudder,
The baby still a slumber,
And smiling in her face as she bended the knee,
'Oh, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.'

And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me;
And say thou wouldst rather
Thou shouldst be watching
Said, I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

The Down of the Morning
Saw the dawn of the morning
And the wife went with joy her babe's father to see,
Her child with a blessing,
Said, I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

An Overpowering Weapon
TO SUBDUCE
AN OLD BATCHELOR.

BY MISS F.

"Why don't you marry, Joe?"
"Marry!" was the answer, made in the most contemptuous manner, and accompanied tilt of the chair to allow his slipped feet to rest comfortably upon the mantel piece.

"Yes marry. I am sure you want a wife. You are making ducks and drakes of your income, wasting so much in the housekeeping. Housekeeping! The idea of an old bachelor keeping house!"
"Why not? Hannah makes me very comfortable."

"Comfortable! Look at this room.—Everything in the wrong place, dust on the floor, not one of the petty 'fixins' with which women beautify a room at a trifling expense. Then, you fairly support Hannah's family, if I may judge by the quantity of provisions, clothes, and fuel she smuggles out of the grate."

"What!"
Down came the chair, feet and all, and the bachelor, who was tall, handsome, and yet on the right side of forty, stood up before his little cousin, who was flinging home truths so lavishly in his face.

"Fact, Joe; I've seen her do it. Now, a wife would make this housekeeping all straight. Now, do marry, Cousin Joe; I want you to get a real nice wife."

"Where is she to be found?"
"Well, let me see." And the little beauty knitted her brow and looked as much puzzled as if the name of the person proposed had not been on the tip of her tongue for the last hour. "Let me see! Oh, I know! Meta Snow."

"What! Meta Snow! The most extravagant girl in the village. Now, if you had said Mary Wright, who dresses simply and has her house furnished so neatly and plainly, I might have consented; but Meta Snow—why her dresses and bonnets would cost a fortune, not to mention the expensive furniture she delights in. No chairs, sofas, or carpets but embroidered ones suit her, and, oh, worst of all, she spends half her time reading trashy magazines. Meta Snow!" And Joseph Harris sank back in his chair utterly overpowered with the magnitude of the idea.

"So Meta's extravagance is the only objection?"
"Well, yes; she is pretty, intelligent, lively, accomplished, but, you know, Jennie, my poor brother's experience makes me dread an extravagant wife. I think he owed his failure entirely to Maria's love of jewels, fine clothes, and expensive furniture. I am not mean—"

"Indeed you are not Joe."
"But I know what a weight on a man's energies an extravagant wife is."
"Then, if I can prove Meta Snow the most economical girl in the village, and that she spends less in one year than Mary Wright in six months, you will give me a new cousin, your wife?"

"Yes, I will; but I bet a dozen pair of kid gloves and a new bracelet against a smoking-cap—mine is very shabby—that you fail."

"Done! Come spend this evening with me. Good-bye." And away went Jennie Harris, on "matrimonial schemes in tent."

The evening found Joe early at his cousin's. To tell the truth, Meta Snow's pretty face and winning manners had won the bachelor's heart long before, but her apparently expensive habits frightened back the offer often on the tip of his tongue, and he was willing enough to pay the wager, could it be but fairly won.

"Now, Joe," said Jennie, meeting him at the door, "I am going to hide you, and have a little talk with the girls, to which you must listen. If you are here, I should not like to ask all the questions I intend to, and they might be shy of answering."

"Play eavesdropper, Jennie?"
"Exactly; it is fair in such a case.—Hark! the bell! There they are. In this closet, Joe!"
"But, Jennie—"

"Hush! You win a wife or a smoking cap, anyhow Go in!" And with a parting push, Jennie locked the closet door.

Joe, forced to comply now, sat down in the large closet, on a stool considerably provided for the purpose, put his eye to a hole in the panel, and took a survey of the visitors just entering. After this he, with a shrug of his shoulders, placed his ear where his eye had been.

The young ladies, both pretty, were dressed in very different styles. Meta wore a light blue silk, with flounces, barettes of velvet, and a pretty headress of blue ribbons on her luxuriant light hair. Mary was attired in a pearl-colored silk, made perfectly plain, with a rich lace collar and sleeves, and wore her dark hair in simple braids, with gold-headed pins at the back.

Jennie opened her batteries at once.
"What a pretty dress, Meta!"
"Ain't it? I made it to-day."

"Made it?"
"O yes, I make all my own dresses; it is quite a saving."

"I should think it would be," said Mary Wright; "my dressmaker's bills are enormous. I won't have my dresses made anywhere but in Philadelphia, and it costs a small fortune."

"My patterns come from there," said Meta, "Jennie, I am making you a head-dress like mine. Do you like it?"
"Yes, thank you, very much."

"It is made out of the ribbon I had on my last blue dress. I got a receipt for renovating ribbons last week, and tried it. My barettes are of the same."

"I thought it was bran new," said Mary. "What an economical girl you are, Meta!"
Jennie tittered. "I heard Meta called extravagant to-day," she said. "Come, Meta, deny the charge and prove it false."

"I think I can without vanity," said Meta. "Father is not rich, and since my mother died I have learned to be economical. I make all my own clothes, bonnets, cloaks, and dresses included, embroidered all my collars and sleeves."

"What!" cried Mary, "those elegant collars and sleeves you wear? Why, I have often said that although mine cost me so much, they do not compare with yours."

"It is pretty work to take out when my hands would otherwise be idle," said Meta. "See! I have one here. I will work as I defend myself. Then, Jennie, I make many of my father's things—his dressing gowns, under-clothes, slippers—and I embroider seats for all the worn out chairs and sofas. Our parlor furniture got very shabby, and we could not afford to re-furnish; but the curtains I embroidered, and new seats for ottomans, sofas, and chairs, with some of my tidies and a coat of varnish here and there made it look quite respectable."

"The prettiest parlor in the village," said Jennie. But Meta, the many fancy articles must be expensive."

"What the vases, hanging baskets, lamp shades, and all those things? O no, I make them, and they cost very little.—Then father likes a good table, and I have learned to be quite a cook. I put up all our preserves and pickles, make the cakes, and can provide new dishes constantly."

"Mercy!" cried Mary; "why the preserves, pickles, and cake alone, at our house, cost me a mint of money!"
"But Meta," said Jennie, "how do you find time for all this? I was informed that you spent half your time reading a trashy magazine."

"Oh Jennie, how can you call it so, when you make it so useful yourself?"
"I but repeat another's assertion."

"But, Meta," said Mary, "I should think the patterns and receipts you require for so much work would cost you a fortune."

"They cost me just three dollars a year."

"Where do you get them?"
"From the trashy magazine. Godfrey's Lady's Book furnishes all this valuable information; and father says his three dollars expenditure is a clear saving every year of half his former expenses."

"Let me out! let me out!" cried a voice from a closet behind the young ladies.

both at once.
"Only my Cousin Joe. Come out sir!" And Jennie opened the door.
"But what is he doing there?" said Meta.

"Eating my preserves," cried Jennie, giving her cousin a pinch.
"No such thing," said Joe, frankly; "I was eavesdropping, I am ashamed to say. Miss Meta, forgive the unfounded charges I made, which Jennie has reported. She defended you at the time, and shut me up here to convince me what a mistake I had made. I take it back; and, he added, in a whisper, to Jennie, "the bracelet and gloves shall be sent here in the morning."

"I forgive you," said Meta laughing.
"Mary," said Jennie, "come with me to the dining room a moment. I want to show you a new basket I made to-day."

Meta was following them, but Joe, inwardly blessing his Cousin Jennie, took her hand and gently detained her.
Reader, my tale is told. Joe Harris lost his wager, and won Meta for his wife. To all bachelors I would say at parting, "Go thou and do likewise."

Angel Visits.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

They do not always visit us in beautiful garments, making the air around gold- en with their sunny smiles. Often they come disguised in sober-hued vestments, lips grief curved, and eyes heavy, as with weeping. But come to us when and how they will, it is ever in love. Daily they are about our paths, though we perceive them not with our bodily senses; nor even recognize their presence by the finer instincts of our spirits for 'of the earth earthy' as we are, and with affections clinging to the earth, we have neither eyes nor ears for the inner sight and inner voices that are for the pure in heart. Yes, they are about our daily paths, smoothing and making them flowery when they may, but oftener piling up obstructions and making them rough and thorny.

"Rough and thorny! Piling up obstructions!" we hear from the lips of some life-weary sufferer. "Is this a work for angels?"

Beautiful the way seemed before you, in the bright morning of early womanhood, heart-sick and life-weary once; and as your eyes went far onward, how many lovely visits opened, showing blessed ardas in the smiling distance! To gain them you felt was heaven; and onward you pressed with eager footsteps. You did not gain them! For a while the path was even, and the fragrance of a hundred blossoms delighted your senses. But all at once your feet were wounded—there were sharp obstructions in the way, then thick clouds and darkness were before you, hiding the lovely Eden. Still, you sought to pass onward, though the way was rough, and the sunny vistas, opening to the land of promise, hidden from your straining visions. Then a mountain arose suddenly whose rocky steep you could not climb. Despair was in your heart; and in the bitterness of your disappointment you called yourself on-mocked of God.

It was not so, precious immortal! Not so, pilgrim to a better land than the reality of your maiden dream! At the very foot of that inaccessible mountain, a narrow path at length became visible; and though it looked rough and had no green margin, beautiful with flowers, there was an emotion of thankfulness in your heart for even this way of escape, for already a mortal dread had seized upon your spirits. With hurrying footsteps you entered this new way, and the hope that it would quickly lead around the mountain, and bring the sunny land again in view, repressed the fear that had been paralyzing.

It was the hand of an angel which led you into that new way and kept your heart from fainting. Narrow, rough and flowerless though it proved, it was a better way than that along which you were passing with such buoyant steps—for it led heavenward. And think life weary once—do you not feel that you are never heaven now, than when the sun of this world shone from an unclouded sky above the path of pleasure and prosperity? Think, and answer to yourself the question.

A heart-stricken mother sat grieving for the loss of her young-born, the sweetest and loveliest of her precious flock—grieving and refusing to be comforted. There had been loving sympathy, gentle remonstrances, and pious teaching from the lips of the minister who had a year before touched the forehead of her babe with the waters of baptism, but all avail- ed not—the fountain of tears stayed not its waters, nor was the murmuring voice hushed in her rebellious spirit. At length one came to her who had known a like sorrow, and whose heart had, even here, been bowed into the very dust—She took into her own soft hand the pas-

sive hand of the mourner, which gave not back a sign. A little while she held it, clasping her fingers in a gentle pressure; then in a voice whose tender modulations went vibrating to the inmost of her spirit, she said:

"You had an angel visit last night." An angel-visit! What did the words signify?

"Only a year has passed since I had a like visit," continued the friend. "I did not recognize the heavenly messenger when she came for my eyes were too full of tears to see her radiant form, she came and went, leaving on her bosom as she passed upward to the regions of eternal sunshine, the spirit of my lovely boy!"

The hand of the mourner answered to the light pressure of that in which it lay.

"That night," went on the comforter, "I saw in a dream—call it a dream but regard it as a revelation—my translated one among the blessed in the upper kingdom of our Father. He was in the arms of the angel mother, whose love for him it was plain to see was wise and tender, surpassing all my own deep affection, as far as the unspeakable love of an angel surpasses a weak and erring creature of earth."

"Grieve no more!" said the heavenly being, as she came to me. "I have not taken this innocent one from you in anger or cruelty, but in love—love for both the mother and child. As for him, he is safe in his celestial home forever, and will be blessed far above anything you could ask—for he hath not entered into the heart of even a mother to conceive what transcendent delights are in store for those who are born into heaven. Is it not therefore better for our child? Were I to say, take him again into the cold, dark world of sorrow, sin and suffering, would you bear him back? No, grieve no more, mother! You love this precious one too well. But how is it better for you to lose the child in whom your heart was so bound up? I see the question on your lips. That is always best which lifts the spirit nearest to God—is it not so?"

Think! Not with a heavenly, but with an earthly and selfish affection, did you love your child—such an affection could not truly bless either you or your babe. It is now in heaven, and as your heart follows it there, it will come into heavenly associations, and thus be filled with aspirations for that higher life which descends from and bears back its recipient into heaven. Grieving one! I came to you in mercy; and though tears have followed my visit, they are falling on good seeds planted in your heart."

"Thus spoke to me that angel-mother of my child, and over since her words have been my stay and comfort. Such an angel came to you last night, grieving friend. The visit was in love, not in anger. Then lift your eyes upward, and no longer permit them to rest on the cold earth form and the gloomy grave. The spirit of your child has already arisen more beautiful in form, and with angels appointed for its guardianship. The wis- er love of our good Father has removed it. Be thankful then, dear friend. Oh, be thankful!—but weep not!"

And the heart, with no words of consolation had been able to reach, felt itself swelling with a deep emotion, and lifting itself upward towards the All Merciful.

"I will believe that it was an angel who came to me last night and bore away my child," she whispered, as with shut eyes, fringed by tear-gummed lashes, she bowed her head upon the bosom of her son.

"Oh, if anything can soothe the anguish of this bereavement, it is to think that my precious babe, for whom I have cared so tenderly, passed from my arms to those of an angel, and that he was thus borne across the dark valley into which I look'd down with such a heart-shudder. I bless you for speaking such words of consolation!"

Not alone in misfortune or bereavement do angels visit us. They do not always make the way rough, nor always darken the earth-lives around which we gather. Daily they come to us, hourly they seek to draw nearer and quicken our better impulses. A thousand evils; soul-de- stroying evils—are warred off by them, even though we are unconscious of their presence, and it may be, resist the very influences by which such priceless benef- its are conferred.

"Ah! if we could but open our eyes and see; if the scales that obstruct our vision could be removed; if we could know our celestial visitors when they come!"

We may know them, and we may give their presence. Whether we are in prosperity or adversity, in joy or sorrow, angel-visitors are with us whenever the thought goes upward and the heart yearns for a better life. Their mission to the sons of men is to draw them heavenward; and if sorrow, affliction, or adversity, is needed for the accomplishment of the great end, they are made subservient in

the good work. But when in their high mission, they bow a thirsty soul to the bitter waters of Marah, their hands do not back the healing leaves, and a song of rejoicing is soon heard instead of lamentation. Happy is that spirit to which the angels come not on their errand of mercy in vain!—Gleason's Pitfall.

"Milling." Moser.—There are few small unclassified matters that are more puzzling to the popular mind than the 'milling' on the edges of our gold and silver coins. Everybody is familiar with the appearance of milled sovereigns. For exam- ple, but nobody, comparatively speaking, knows how they are milled. The very term, indeed, is more likely to mislead than to inform the uninitiated. Many imagine that each particular piece of money is put into the lathe and made to rotate in close contact with, and under pressure of a 'milling tool,' just as the thumb- screws of mathematical and optical instru- ments are, but this is altogether a mis- take. The process of milling coins is a much more rapid one than that referred to. If our reader will be good enough to picture to themselves a number of shankless brass buttons, double gilt and richly burnished, they will have a toler- ably clear conception of what are called in the parlance of the mint, sovereign blanks—'blanks' destined eventually to be- come prizes, and to be eagerly sought after in the lottery of life. When the me- chanical feeder or the stamping press has carried forward one of these blanks to the surface of the die intended to impress it, a steel roller bored out to the precise size of a finished sovereign, and in a lid two in- ches, is made to rise by force of a spring and encase loosely the blank, which is slightly smaller than the part of coin. The upper die fixed to the movable pin or screw of the press now descends upon the button of gold, which has been softened by fire previously, and the irre- versible consequence is that the latter be- comes imprinted with obverse and reverse—its obverse, head and tail—on either side, whilst it is expanded laterally by the sheer pressure until it fits tightly the serrated steel roller, and thus becomes a mil- ling sovereign. The collar or edge mould, as it may be styled, is next depressed soft- acingly, and thus leaves the coin resting in its finished state on the face of the lower die. There, however, it is not suffered to remain more than a second, for the 'feeder' before referred to, in advancing with another blank to be stamped, pushes it rudely away toward an inclined plate, down which it slides into a pan and is ready for its mission of mercy or woe.

Such is briefly an elucidation of the the- matic mode of milling money. A collar, such as described above, will mill many millions of sovereigns, as we were told when inspecting the process of money- making lately.

The New and the Old.
It is the Old that is ever New, and that only. Our modern authors and writers make fatal mistakes in supposing that they can create anything better than the old, coming as they may. Smart men, men of letters, brilliant rhetoricians, phrase- logues, dazzling displays of intellectual py- rology, catch the eye for the time it is true; but all is forgotten as soon as the fashion changes. Besides, the human soul forever sickens of the spiced food, and at last comes back to its old craving for simple nutriment. Behind the gar- diest pomp of evening clouds lies the eternal blue, clear and without stain; and it is the blue alone that stands the test without falling on a. The New, so called, is not new; and nothing but the Old abides. Truth does not shift its pri- ority or its place; our views of it change, and we think in our position, that truth has been metamorphosed to suit the tastes of our development. We are not really wiser; but the great facts are as true as the solid foundations of the world. Let none of us take the vain glory of advance, but let us do more the universe along with us.

The Spring
Is bursting forth upon us with all its loveliness, the woods and shrubbery be- ing clothed with verdure, and all nature appears to be rejuvenated and alive again. The husbandman is busy at his work, preparing to sow his seed, and the farmer in expectation of reaping a bumper har- vest. The birds are singing and the bees are playing on green in flowers, but here and there we see a human being gazing about as though God made him for no general or special purpose in this world. Every thing is designed to be a blessing and a pleasure, and the man or woman who does not pay his or her part, most of us, is a miserably miserable. To be happy, and enjoy the world around us which is all activity, we must go with it, and do our duty to ourselves, our neighbor and Creator.

The Czar of Russia.
In a recent interview with the commit- tee on the emancipation of the serfs in certain districts of Russia, the Czar is re- ported to have said, with other things, in relation to this darling project of his:

"You are aware, gentlemen, how much this affair interests me, and how much it affects my heart; and I am certain that it is as dear to you as to me. I have but one object—the happiness of my empire and I am convinced that you have no other. I desire that the improvement of the condition of the peasants may shortly become an accomplished fact, and that this reform may be effected without vio- lence. But that cannot be obtained without certain sacrifices on your part—My desire is to render these sacrifices as little onerous as possible to the nobility."

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

Sunday Reading.

"A Good Man Never Dies."

"There is no such thing as death," To those who think right, The best of men never die; What most impedes their flight; 'Tis but a little rest, Life's drama must contain, Our struggle breaks not the rest, And then an end of pain.

"There's no such thing as death," To which a thus miscell, Is life escaping from the chains That have so long fettered; The once a hidden star, Passing through the night, To shine in gentle radiance forth Amid its kindred light.

"There's no such thing as death," Is more nothing than that From each remnant of decay Some form of the spirit, The faded leaf that falls, All near and brown, to earth, Ere long shall mingle with the shapes That gave the flower its birth.

"There's no such thing as death," 'Tis but the blossom spray Flung but the coming fruit That seeds the summer's rays; 'Tis not the bud displaced, As comes the perfect flower; Its faith exchanged for sight, And weakness for power.

[From the Washington Herald.]

HAPPY, CHEERFUL PACES.

BY PATIENCE.

Who has not felt the mystic charm there is about a happy, cheerful face? Is there any heart so cold that it has not been thawed, as by a gleam of sunshine and warmed by the beam of love, as one of those warm faces has sojourned with us, or glided silent in our midst? Who has not felt all of joy stricken from the heart, when a bright, cheerful, loving face, with dark, tender eyes, has passed from the dark, crossed the threshold, and gone forth into the stern, cold world?

All happiness seemed gone from your heart; you breathed and moved, yet lived not; life seemed dead within you, for the sunshine of the face gleamed no more athwart your pathway. No more you heard the merry voice or gleaming song; her voice no more gently twining arms and loving smiles, as a warm cheek was pressed to yours, and a gentle good-night whisper red. Mothers, have you not felt all this when your darling boy left you, per- chance to be gone but a few months?—You felt his warm kiss, you thought, perhaps, for the last time, as your heart went forth to God in a mute appeal for his safety and happiness. At night-fall, you listened in vain for his clear, ring- ing, merrily full, which was such music to your ear, and gladness to your heart, and then you knelt to invoke for him the guidance and protection of Heaven.

Sisters, have you not seen the sweet face of an idolized brother pass from you and home? You longed, in your loneliness, for a vision on that young face, lighted by those soft brown eyes, and set in that beautiful frame-work of dark clustering curls? That face, in all its manly pride, was dearer to you than aught else in the world.

Fathers, have you known no face that was the light and joy of your existence? Yes, and it was a very lovely one, bright and warm as a sunbeam, and her heart was our as a dew drop. But she has passed away; the wings of the grim angel covered over your heart with sorrow, and cast their shadow upon the path that fair brow, that luscious, unclouded face was hushed; that brightly beamed forth no more; that airy footsteps heard no more. Very gently you folded those warm hands upon that snowy bosom, and fled with her forth, sadly and silently, to the dream- less slumber place. You felt, indeed, that all sunlight had fled from your heart.

You turned and mingled with the world; many sunny faces smiled upon you, but none so lovely as that one whose eyes you saw closed so wearily. In your bit- terness you cried, "Why has God taken my child?" Nay, my sister; be comforted; that voice is singing a new song in that beautiful frame-work of dark clustering curls. Those eyes behold all the glories of that far unseen world. Yet, a little longer, and thou shalt behold them.

A Mother's Love.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand!—Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfeathered love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friend, fond, dear, kind friend, but never will you have a gain the inexpressible love and gentle- ness lavished upon you which none but a mother can bestow. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the deep hard, uncer- tain world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suit- able to my age, read in her tender and untrusting voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I ap- peared to sleep; never her kisses of peace as I slept! Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old church- yard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.